

A Fair *1135. C. 34*

CHARACTER

OF THE

Presbyterian Reformling's

Just and Sober

VINDICATION

OF HIS

OBSERVATIONS

Upon the 30th of January, and 29th of May,
In Defence of the

REFORMER RACK'D.

BEING

An ANSWER to J. G. G.'s New vile
RANT, and the *Weekly Observer's* invidi-
ous and false Reflections on it.

Fiat Justitia, ruat novus Reformator.

London: Printed in the Year 1695.

CELESTIAL
PHYSICS
OR
ASTRONOMY
IN
GENERAL
AND
PRACTICAL
ASTRONOMY
BY
J. F. W. HERSCHEL

REPRODUCED FROM THE
ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT



TO THE
READER.

T*His Prefatory Occasion to the ensuing Character of the Presbyterian Reformer, is taken from the Weekly Observator's Reflections on two Pamphlets: Observations upon, &c. and my Remarks upon them. Observ. Vol. 7. Numb. 24. Saturday June 30. 1694. concerning our Intestine Divisions.*

*For an Author to appear in Print without a Preface, by some fopling Criticks is reckoned as ungenteel and wild, as for Ray the Madman to haire it about Town without his Cravat on, or the Court-Baux to air in the Park without a Steinkirk Twisted-post Neckcloth: Just so perhaps for the Compleat Attorney not to pre-
amble*

amble in his Dressing-room to his Glass or false Reflector before he flings into Grays-Inn Walks or expatiates into the Fields, is inconsiderate and Sloven-like. I am now in the Fashion ; thank Mr. Observator : but if we would submit, and Valet it to his Latitudinarian Nicety and Modish Looseness, should we not Preface our Recantation of the Church of England's Upbraidings and Inveighings against the Presbyterians with a peccavimus omnes in our Mouths, or a confessory or revocatory Rope about our Necks ? God-almery Mercurius Brittanicus for this.

J. G. G. has Vindicated his Observations: and I have here a Counter-Cuffe for the Vindicator as well as the Observer ; but it is Two to One that the Castle in the Air goes down, and I am worsted in the Engagement. Mighty Antagonists indeed, Pelion upon Ossa-Blades ! And when I come on my Marrow-Bones to either for Quarter,

Farewel Reader.

A Fair Character of the Presbyterian Reform-
ling's, *Just and Sober Vindication of his Obser-*
vations upon the Thirtieth of January and Twenty
ninth of May, ---- in Defence of the Reformer
Rack'd, &c.

TH E Reformling would gladly be reputed Just and Sober in his Vindication, and if the World will take it upon the *credit* of his Title Page, or read no more of his Vertues, than what they may do *Walking*, upon a *placarded great Gate*, or a *plastered Sign-post*, he may be so still in a vulgar *Eye*. Sober! what? Because he has so *out-run* the *Constable*, But, *stand* in the Name of *Justice*; can he be Just too that does so? Well, however he sets a good *Face* on the matter, and carries himself Just and Sober in his *Frontispiece*, and as sure as *Caudles* are *Caudles*, he that will *herd* among the Sober Party, must look as modest and demure, as a Whore at a *Christening*.

Many a good old *Sign* promises *Sobriety* and *Mortification* enough, when there is nothing but revelling, rant, *Hey-go-mad*, Murder--- Watch! Watch! within: Some Men will not keep the peace, because it is the Kings, nor keep the Kings, nor keep the Church, because it is not *Theirs*, and *John* of *Leyden* or *Jerome* of *Prague* never established nor *endowed* it. But up *stalks Mid-night-justice*, and the Raunters no sooner see the *Staff* and the *Lanthorn* appear, but they are as Just and Sober as *Peace* can make them; every Man is ready with his Vindication in his Mouth, and nothing falls out but good *Neighbourhood* between the *Gup* and the *Lip*. This might suit *J.G.G.* for a *Tiring-Room*, where to put on his *Vizards of Truth, Justice, and Soberness*; and be a proper *Stage* for the *Impostor* to *masque* the face of a *lye* or reproach, and to act his *false qualities* on. Here's likewise the exact Emblem of our Reformlings smoothing o're, and *palliating* a quarrellsome business; a *serene* brow with a *Head-ful of Storms*, and the *Aeolus* speaks
B fair,

A Fair Character of the

fair, breaths a soft and gentle *breeze*, when he designs a *Hurricane* the next blast. His *Title* forsooth, must needs be a Just and Sober *Vindicator*; but to *Vindicate* the Truth of that, and justify the *Usurpation*, he might swell his *Fustian* into a bigger Volume of Faction, and never make a better Cloak on't, nor the true *Herald* ever think him worthier of a *Coat of Moderation*.

There's a Comical Story of one *Aletheia Gray* in the *North*, Christened with *Truth* enough: Her *Name* had some *Divinity* in it, tho' her *Nature* had none; for she prov'd as great a lyer as any of the *Masculine Sex* in the Kingdom, and so noted, it's believed that she might have carryed off the *Whet-stone* at *Temple-Sowerby* in spite of her *Baptism*. This may be a pretty Sister-Motto for *J. G. G's* just falseness and revengefulness, and *Aletheia Lyar* might very well have weigh'd the *Panniers* against his sober *Madness* in his *Vindication*.

Sober Gentleman! Ah! What should ale him unless *Presbytery* intoxicate, for a Man sometimes grows drunk with his *Cordial*. Just too! no doubt of it; if he have *Authority*, he'll act within his *Commission*, although his *stomaching* pride knows no rules of *devouring*. He is a foolish *Gobler* that goes beyond his *Last*. But it's an unfortunate thing to be *confined* or *encircled*, except it be to keep the Devil out: His *Sphere* is not large enough for all *Liberty of Conscience*, and an honest Man may grow giddy with the rapt and motion of his own narrow *Orb* with *Toleration*. Thus like a *turn-sick Child* at running round-play, the civil *Copernican* may chance to reel, and make a false step of *Ambition* over the *Globe*, to juggle out his Neighbouring lights and keep himself still in the dark, not believing all the while his farther distance from the *Sun*; *The Son of Righteousness and Peace*. He may indeed bid as fair for *Heaven*, by his gloried *Justness* and *Soberness*, and *Charity*, as another for any thing I shall tell him yet of *treading his own Antipodes*, to a *Heavenly Union*; let him make his way thither as fast as he can: But in the interim, let him be advised to be content with his own *station* and *lot* here; *be wise on this side Heaven*, not mutinous on this side of the *Water*, and then I wish him his *Belly full of Milk and Honey* beyond it. In fine therefore of his factious *Covetousness*, when his *adulterate Astraea* has pimped *Victoria* to his insatiable embraces, and he becomes master of one *World*, let not the imperious spirit of our *Alexander* make him weep and put his *Finger* in his greedy *Eye* for another.

Not-

Notwithstanding a *Brother* full of the *Creature* may be *Sober* and *Just* too; the *Club* of *Saints* have perhaps a *Sober Hat-gham-Barn Statute*, to make their own *Indentures* as they go, and *Stagger* all the *Laws* in *England* to keep their own *Pot-valiant Legislations* out of the *Kennel*. Such a *Brother* I have seen lately *Stamping* it homewards, and *moving*, *passing* *Nemine contra dicente*, and, as it were, *Engrossing* some new *Model* of *Church-Government* with his *Toes*, by the same token that a *Bantering wagg* said, he wondered whether his *Socks* were *Paper*, and his *Shoes* *Parchment*. Excuse; The *Parrot* had got into ill *Company*. 'Tis excusable in one of the *Holy Cloak'd Fraternity*, and He's *sober* enough to be of the *Party* still. Much *Truth* is in the *Bottle*; but no more of your *Religion* in your *Cups*, pray.

Ours is a *Soberer Gentleman*, and is full of the *Scripture*: He seems such a sworn *Enemy* to the *WHORE*, that I believe he would not *Cuckold* the *POPE* for his *Infallibility*. *Infal-*
lible! no, he had rather be a mistaken *St. John*, and have no more *Religion* than is in the 43. *Chapter* of that *GOSPEL*. Whether he or the *Printer* was better read in the *Geneva*, I determine not in this *Error*; But *EZEKIEL* was like to have lost a *Text* between them. If this *Scripture* had only been *misquoted* to an *Auditory* of *Dear Brethren and Sisters*, there would have been *spitting* on *Thumbs*, and *ruffling* of *Dutch Bibles*, to find out *John* 43. 9. but then the mistake might have been hush'd up and mutter'd for an inspired piece of his own *Illumination*, or pass'd for the *Word* of *God* with the *Godly*, and he not thought a whit the less a *Gospeller* or *Minor Prophet*, for the *miscall*. The 43. of *Go-look*, would have done as well among the *Religious*, I would say *Infallible Grace-lesse*, ('tis all one in the *Greek*, as the *Town-talk* has it for sameness) though they had consulted *St. Luke* for the *Divinity*. The *Words* then, [the words, wherefo-
ever they are written. — Now let them put away
their *Whoredom*, and the *Carcasses* of their *Kings*, far from me,
and I will dwell in the midst of them. How *Apocriphal*, how
uncanonical he renders this *Scripture* in his use and application
of it! and would make the *Prophet* speak from his mouth, call
the *Dead Kings* *WHOREMASTERS* in their *Graves*, and
lay all the abominations of the *Kingdom* of *England* upon
their *Monuments*. As for *King Charles the First's Carcass*,

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much good may the *put away* or removal do him; he has his wish on't already, if the most received and common Fame lies not; and had he Interpreted *This* of *Windsor-Castle*, the Prophecy had been fulfilled long ago to his purpose: But then he might as well have talked of *Christmas-fare*, after *Twelfth-day*; yet who will not remember his *Box* for all that. That the *Royal Body* was removed, seems to be no *News*, and what became of it a *Courante* need not post from the other World to inform us. 'Tis believed, if the *Presbyterians* would be so Ingenuous, they might shorten the *Stage*, and save the *Labour* and *Travail* of a long tedious *Truth*.

I will not bring a railing accusation against any of them; But the *Arch-Angel* contended for the *Body* of *Moses*, and defied the *Devil*, Jude Ep. verse 9. Let the report, true or false, hurt or disgrace no *Body* more then it does *him*; for the most dishonourable Interment of *him*, either in a *Vault* or *Ditch*, only gives Foil and Lustre to Massacred *CHARLES*; and if no misreport, why should we strive with the *Presbyterians* for *Him*, when Heaven has *Him* no doubt before the struggle; and will give *Him* a nobler *Resurrection* than they did that stole *Him* away? But let *Englands Iliads* record the story of *Homer's*, that it was the Honour of Dead *Patroclus*, that two *Armies* fought for his *Corps*. The *Living* are sometimes not unreasonably alarmed for the *Glory* of the *Dead*. A *Sovereign* so unhumanly persecuted after *Death*, deserves a *Monument* at least, and *Montrosses Epitaph*.

He has been worse used, if this story be untrue.

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As great an *Additioner* as the *Reformling* would falsely State me to our *CHURCH*, I need add little more to those *Truths* I published before, to clear the *Glorious Kings* of such a *Bigot's* Defamation and *Personal Aspersions*, but *St. Hierom's* words, Ep. ad Gelant. *Adversus Obtrectatorum libidinem pugnat meritum magnitudo*. They have deserved better rank in the *Estimations* of all *Loyal Christians* and *Subjects*: For if *Subjection* were fairly, or even *Parliamentary* now canvassed, I doubt whether the *Presbyterians* would in courtesie d' *Angleterre*, or could by their dangerous *Principles*, be found to be any to *English Monarchy*; and our *Reformling* may chew the *Cud* twice upon this before he digests an *Ecclesiastical* or *Civil Obedience*, to either *Church* or *State*. He may be the *Lurdans Fellow-Labourer*, that was troubled with an *Atrophy* of both, consume 'em both, says he, for want of being nourished,

ed, that is, glutted, by either; and indeed our *Just, Sober Gentleman* talks as if he wanted *Preferment* too, by his envying me mine, when he does not know but I may be in *Lobs-pound* to morrow.

One *King* was laid out in his *Gore* with a murdering *conclamatum est* in derision; and for a *raree show* to the pitying *Loyalist* and dejected *Carvilier*: A jolly Fellow indeed *Catachrestically* blest himself at the sight, and was asked, why? says he, I am a *Rope-maker*. The *Secona's* heels were trod upon by the same Power, and the like Plot; How far from having his Throat cut, or the *Back-stroke* and *Fore-stroke* of injustice, the *Coward* in Eighty one at *Oxford* can tell: Where such as he impudently avouched, — *They wanted a King, whom they might trust*. 'Tis true, *Non persuadebis etiamsi persuaseris*; A sense of that error will never exstimulate them to their *Duty*; A *Word* and a *Blow* with the *King* is an *Old Parliament-Law*, and happy were the Man that could wrest the same *Club* out of *Hercules's* Hand; the *Reforming Sisyphus*, will still be rowling up the same *Stone* he must expect to *tumble down* with.

I would call *Religion* and *Loyalty* the two *Poles* of steering any Government by, but a *cast-away*, if it were not for the *artick* and *antartick* *Opposition* that is made of them. But this can break no *squares* in a *similitude*; and first, how contrary the *Presbyterians* and *Protestant Tribe* of *Tantivee-College* run to our *Established Religion*? A *Scholar* may speak now I hope, and like a *Gentleman*. — “*Did they not use all the Spades*

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“*and Mattocks of Seditious contrivances, to undermine the Foundation of our well establisht Church-Government? Did they not envy us the support of our Chief Pillars, the Bishops, whom they would first have made weaker, and then pulled down? would they not have let in many Beasts of the Forrest to our Vine-yard, by making a breach in our Fence, in taking out three stakes from our Hedge of the 39. Articles? Would not they have given encouragement to Divisions, by granting liberty to Dissent, and by removing of Penalties, have invited many to transgress? Did not they take up at the second hand, many Old Artifices of innovating a Change, as crying out against the unreasonableness of Pluralities, the inconveniencies of Non-residence, and affirming the necessity of a Redress of both? And finally, did they not use all methods of irritating the Vulgar to vilifie the Clergy,*

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“*because*

"because they were the chief opposers of *Sedition* and perswaders to
 "Allegiance and Uniformity. And then in opposition to
 "Loyalty; How Arbitrary and Magisterial were their own pro-
 "ceedings, while they pretended to be doing nothing else but pre-
 "venting the Arbitrary Power of another? How many Honest
 "and Loyal Gentlemen did they force to do the Penance of falling
 "down and Worshipping them, for speaking Blasphemy against
 "their Authority, while Treason against a higher Power past un-
 "questioned? How crossly and resolutely did they always deny His
 "Majesties just Demands, though they were to be employed for the
 "Nations security? And at last, how saucily would they have cried
 "down the King by debarring him of the privilege of the mea-
 "nest Subject, making it unlawful for any one to turn his Credi-
 "tor, though on never so good security? This is not the moiety of
 what might be said, but perhaps in this case; Πλείον ἡμῖν πάντες.
 The *Vetus Fabula* only wanted the *Curtains* drawing and *Parliament*
Candles lighting, of being acted on an *Oxford Theatre*; and the
Novi Historiones, with some of the *Veteres* too perhaps, had played
 their *Parts* of the like *Tragedy* over again; if they had been so suc-
 cessful, as not to have been hissed off before they came to *Prologue*
 to't. However the *Reforming* will have *King Charles the Second*
 to be beholden to his Party for his Restoration, and peaceable in-
 joyment of his Royalty; and certainly he was, just as the *Father*
Dotard was beholden to the *Son*, who flatter'd him into a *Settle-
 ment*, and then burn'd his House about his Ears, for his *Daddy*
 to rost his Eggs with. Our *Sons of Faction* could love uproars
 and *Bone-fires* too, but that they hate *Rumps*, and it looks too
 much like *Sacrificing* to the *Genius* of Restoration.

At an Election of a Member for the approaching Parlia-
 ment at *Oxon*, (The *Loyal Pudsey* and *Whorewood* *Candi-
 dates*) it is pleasantly storied of a brisk Mechanick, in the
 Van of a *Tumultuous Crowd*, who hearing a *Graduate* exclaim-
 ing no *Round-head*, no *Round-head*, reparteed him with no
Square-head, no *Square-head*; when all the University knew
 they were for no *Head* at all, or at best not for a *Crown'd*
Rowly-Head.

I am afraid I shall be tedious on the face and complexion of
 his Pamphlet, but if length be not the *Picture* of him, it is his
 best Character at a *Vindication*, or one of his *Sixteenthly Be-
 loveds*. Now I cannot imagine what he would be at, have
 done,

done or prevented, the Pope is not like to be Lord Mayor next Year, nor King JAMES to be in his Throne again the next Moon. Popery is out of Doors, he needs but give it an Alms, or send the Cripple to the next Constable; Authority will take care of it: But it may be he has an extraordinary knack at Reforming; he may have as good and Religious a God-piece as King Henry the Eighth, and can Whistle a better Tune too in Divisions, that would make the Rabble Dance a Common-wealth Morisco.

The Reformer needs but lead up the Figure of three, four, Heptarchy or a hundred, the Piper's paid: Cut the first Caper, and protest he wishes England as well as the Duke of Burgundy once did France, when he swore, He lov'd France so well, that for one King, he wish'd she had twenty, and then you are all of a Litter quoth Lambert. Let me tell you Lylly's Grammer comprehended a great deal of policy in it's *Neutram modo, mas modo vulgus*, but it is *Æs in presenti* that must carry on the business effectually, to perfection, and what not. The Mobb love variety, and every Body knows what is as good for a Sow as a Pancake, — A Fartical Raskal that bid a KING kiss his Posteriors, I conceive and presume, saving J. G. G's presence, would make an excellent Tool for his *Archie-Farfie Reformation*. At this rate every Wat Tyler, or Jack Straw, with a fair Wind and auspicious opportunity will be invading and matching Politicks with King and Council; and if the Green-pated Reformer Heads but well, and puts Liberty, and Property, and the Old State Quibble of Personal and Politick Capacity, into the Mouth of the Moabites, the Man S T U A R T may be cut off, and the King ne're the worse hurt. A Second Oliver may chance to drop out of the Clouds, and then defiance to the Powers of the Earth, our Sovereign Lord the People are, as assuredly as the Rebels against King John the Army of God. Any New Coin gains acceptance with the Lower Mobb from its Stamp of Novelty; and if the upper sort of Mobb mints it but with a popular App'ause, Vogue, and Reputation, it has Credit, Justice and Authority enough to abide their Test.

The next thing our good Gentleman does, is as wise as he can make Solomon, not Solomon him, to call his Adversary a Fool, and the worst of the sort, a self-conceited Fool: Surely if Robin Wisdom sets not up for an Author, and Fools not the
rest

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rest of Mankind, the *Press* cannot blame him for it. But the *would-be Solomon*, presently starts a *Fool* out of the *Proverbs* before he enters the *Field*; no, if he had not been besides the *Bush*, and had had the good luck to have thrown his *U T I N A M S A P E R E M* soon enough in his tail (as the *No vice-hunter* carries *Salt* to catch the *Hare* with) he had taken him too, and might have *Sounded* his *Triumph* of the *Prey* at the first *View*. Many a one has had the fortune to *Course* the *Hare* and catch the *Witch*. He mistakes his *Fool* and his *Game*: And well remembred, *Wise man of Gotham*, how the *Scot* take the *Tartar*, and the *Tartar* prov'd the *Conqueror*.

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I might have dwelt longer upon his *Title-page*, sufficiently answer'd him, and never have gone farther than the *Porch*: But curiosity prompts me to shew his *Guests* what better entertainment or *welcome* they and I must be treated with in the *House*. At the *Threshold* then I shall only premise a gross injury done me, and soberly *good morrow* his passionate *ELDERSHIPS* scandals and misconstructions of me: For in my *Remarks* or *Reflections*, (which I allow him to take in the *worst sense*) on his *Observations*, I fully declared my *propo's* and *design*, which he has run *Counter* to with a *full cry*, almost throughout his *Vindication*, only coldly *chopping* on't here and there. The *Mungr-el-hound* often flings off and runs a *back-scent*; But a worse *Nose* than his might have taken the *right Game* and made a truer *chase* of it: A *false pursuit* never obtain'd the least *Quarry*. Having waved the *Divinity* of his *King-killing*, and traducing *Pamphlet*, let the *unbias'd Judge*, if it is fair play to be bid *keep close to the Text*, — *ho!* *Religion* is the Province of our *Learned Clergy*; there were eleven *Apostles* for one *Judas*; and we have *Orthodox Divines* enough to confute his *Schismatical Doctrine*, though too many follow their *Master*, like *Peter*, at a distance in secular *Persecutions*; and it is well if more do not *deny* him: In all *Don Quexvedo's* *Visions* *Judas* was the only Man in *Hell* for *selling* his *God*; but there was a *number* for *buying* of *H I M*. But I never intend to meddle with those *matters that were too high for me*, or handling of *Controversies* in *Religion*, which required an *Ordained Pen*. I have often thought of the *Story* of the silly *Ass* that carryed the *Goddess Isis* so long to and from the *Temple*, that at last he began to take *State* upon him, and would needs play

play the *Goddeſs* : So I have gone a long time to the *Church of England* by Law Eſtabliſhed, and I never yet could call the Preacher *God Almighty's Spiritual Merry Andrew*, or the Lecturer *Gods after-noon Jeſter* ; A Libertine or Atheiſt may banter his Soul, and jeſt with his Salvation : I never thought the *Minifter* in the Surplice an *Owl in an Ivy Buſh*, as *Iſlington Cook* had it in the days of *Oliver's Goſpel*. And I do not yet ſee any reaſon for *Schiſm* and *Diſſention*. Neither am I able to be the tottering *Churches Atlas*, nor to *ſampſon* it down with the ſtrength of Conviction and Diviſion. Believe me, *Reformling*, I am in the ſame humour with the modeſt *Lay-Country man*, who coming up to *London* did not aſpire to a *Mitre*, or think to ſet his *Foot* at next ſtep of Preferment upon *St. Pauls*.

Thus far you ſee the *Front* of our *Juſt, Sober and Wiſe VINDICATOR*, yet *enter*, and his *Inner Rooms* are no better *Furniſhed*.

At firſt Salute he begins like a *Proclamation*, opens his Rhetorick, and declares as it were for a *Kingdom*. The Mountain is in labour, and *naſcitur Sooterkin*. Ridiculous ! I not out of *Page 1.* any peeviſh humour — and the *Verb*, his great *AUXILIARY*, have taken the freedom --- comes trotting in jaded ſeven or eight *lines*, I had like to have ſaid, *MILES*, behind : His words of *Truth and Soberneſs* hang-an-aſe too in the mid-way to the journeys period, and ſeem unwilling to come up to his *undefiled Worſhip*, and ſay, *Amen*. But he hath found out a ſore about me, and hath an *Hospital* for the Wounded on the *firſt floor*, if the Patient will not *ſtart*, take wing or *fly out* ; as if he were about curing a *Butter-fly*, which *Domitian* had unmercifully *run up to the Hilts* : nor make a *noiſe*, while he handles and probes the *unſoundneſs* ; as if he were about to ſalve the crackt *pericranium* of a *Waſp* in a *Honey-pot*. Let him reſolve to cruſh the *Cockatrice-Egg* of his own hatching, leſt in the end it prove a *hiſſing Serpent* to himſelf. The *Duramater* of his own Brain ſtands in need of the *Phyſician* ; and I wiſh the ſame *Gentleman Ghirurgeon* would be ſenſible of his own Errors, and ſo become *Achilleian* to cure the Wounds, which himſelf hath made in our Church and State.

In the next place are his *Combustibles* : Room enough for the Fire of *Foxes Tails*, which ſhall do no more harm than in *Judges 15. Chapter*. I wonder to ſee him ſo much in love

A Book called
so.

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Hill at Cam-
bridge prayed
--Depose him, O
Lord, who would
Depose us.
Assem. Man. p.
14.

Vena Basilica.

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with Foxes and Fire-brands ; our burned Child dreads not the Fire. He would *pun* a Man to Death, and the shades of Ghosts almost with *Loyalist*, *LOYOLIST*, to derive me from *LOYOLA*, a few ap's from a Hellish Pedigree : But I will assure him the *POPE* is none of my *Soveraign Lord*, though such as *J. G. G.* are *Ignatians*, (*i. e.*) Fire-brands to all the World beside : *Rome* may well laugh at the *Grinder* when she has the *Grist* : Neither do I think *Martial's* rule an axiom for my Pen — *Parcere personis dicere de vitiis*. For I look upon the sly *Jesuite* and *Barge-sainted Fanatick*, with my own as well as *another's Eye*, as two dangerous *Philistine Foxes*, that carry between their Tails that Brand of confusion — *The Lawful deposition of Supream Magistrates*. If their Faces be contrary, they are coupled by the *Tails*, and although they may not tug with the same *Oar* ; Their Faces look one way against *White-hall* and *Lambeth* : it is no great matter whether they Row and are bound for *Rome* or *Geneva-bey* ! Here he plays the *Doctor* upon me again with *capouring* and *vapouring* of the *Spleen* and *low parts*, which cause great fumes and disturbances in the *Head* : And are the *Natural Members* then subject to the *Higher Powers* ? Would he be willing that his *Head* should ake till he professed this *politically* ? If he will agree to't ; the *Colledge* surely must make much of him for his new *Invention*, and honour him like *Harvey* for a *Circulation* : The *Government* should call him good *Subject*, stroak him, and buy him *Monumental Ginger-bread*, as *Glieveland* uses the *Rebel Scot*. Oh ! that he could be clawed into a retraction of *Noll's Arts* and *Practices*, that he would *pur* and *pur* while we rub off his *Old Mange* ! Then we should hear no such screeking and *catter-wauling* against our *Church-Order*. But I am afraid Sir *Empirick Presbyter* understands not the *Nations Pulse*, nor the *Basilick-vein* to make a *Politick Phlebotomy*, and will be working upon the *superfluous Humours*, till he wafts and consumes the very *Vitals*. What signifies this among *Friends* ? The *Quack* and the *Sexton* are *Cater-Cousins* still, if one can but *kill* as fast as the other cuts out *Oblivion* for the *Murder*. Acts of *Parliament* will *perpetuate Divisions*, else the *Reforming* means nothing by laying that scandal at the *Parsons Door* for *Preaching* on the *Anniversaries* of *Rebellion* and *Murder*, the blessing of *Peace* and *Right* ; for *nothing* and *nothing* to purpose in every *Ninnys Logick* is all one ; the
Saddle

Saddle on the right Ass is this ; this is the *English* of it ; we keep up a *Church* by Law against the *Presbyterians*, and till we line their Purse with her Revenues and *Equipe* 'em with *Gloaks* out of our *Vestiary*, they are resolved never to Unite or Mount our Altar, Baptistry or Pulpit, for they cannot ride *Triumphantly* else, and we shall never be eased of the burden, din, or eternal *Clack* of their dissenting Faction. That our Anniversary Fast and Thanksgiving chiefly disgusts, continues, or *perpetuates* their division and Schism, I will believe, when I see them throw their *Carolus a Carolo* Money out of their Pockets, and hold it Superstition to carry *Britania's* Picture about them. If the *Reforming* can give me one *probatum* of the Truth of *Paracelsus's* Doctrine — *That to eat Creatures alive will perpetuate Mans Life* : I may probably be induced to swallow a less absurdity, that our Anniversary Worship wherein in the *Creature* (his Dialect) is no otherwise concerned, than as a Heinous Sin was committed and a providential blessing was bestowed upon HIM, does occasion immortal hatred and *Schism*, which he Englishes *perpetuate Divisions*. I am amaz'd to hear the *Lawfulness* of Preaching, the blackest Rebellion down to its *Grand-fire*, and right re-inthroned, Justice restored up to the King of Kings, controverted by any but the Imps and *Zanies* of Infernal Empire. This is the all of our Worship on the *Royal Anniversaries*, and yet dissenting obstinacy says, we may as soon meet upon a *needleless Point* as this, or center in Union: We neither pray to, for, nor against the Souls separate of our Kings ; God is the Author and sole Object of our Devotions. Truth may as well be said to *Lie* as rail in our Sermons on the Thirtieth of *January*, and Twenty ninth of *May*, which his contradictory spirit calls *Seditious* ; but he hits himself no small *Fillip* there. And in short, there is less mixture of the *Creature* in our occasional Worship, than the *Presbyterian* had in his Comical Grace, wherein he begged a blessing upon the *Turky-pie*, for though it be no *Christian Fowl*, says he, yet thou hast commanded us to pray for all *Jews, TURKS, Infidels and Hereticks*. As another Grace it in complaisance to his Fare ; *Souse us and drowse us in the powdering-tub of Repentance, and make us fit Tripes and Githerlings for thy Heavenly Table*. Strange ! How some *Capricio's* hugg their singularity in that Monumental sin of *Rebellion*, not thinking the *Witchcraft* will leave them at the *Gallows* : The

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Devil never hugg'd the *Witch* upon any other score; and if the impenitent *Rebel* slips his *Gollar*, Old Nick's an *Afs*. My whole drift *before* was to rub this *Tetter*, and the worse it spreads in his *Vindication*. But hold, I task my self too far with *Religion*; and if our *Reformling* be a *Lay-man* as well as I am, for he's *Plato's Servant* to my knowledge: He is an impertinent *Beast of reason*, and as *Coltish* to take this Religious Controversie upon him, as *Nero's Brute* was in State with the *Consulship*. Every *Wood* will not make a *Mercury*: A judicious foresight of the Heathens: For had he been *touch-wood*; since we had a *smoaking* World, the *Tobacco Funcker* would not have stuck to have lighted his Pipe with a *Finger of the God*. But every uppish Conventicler can set up for a *Professor of Divinity*; and were the Bugbear Epithet REGIUS kickt out of the Schools, J. G. G were as fit a Man as hath sprung from the Loyns of *Calvin* to domineer a republican *Moderator*. No woonder then, as the ingenious *Henry King* observed 1621. "If Preaching may breed surfeits that so many Crudities lie in the stomach of the People; that so many Fumes and giddy Vapours fly up into the head, to the no small disturbance of the Churches quiet; that so many hot spirits, like the Canons overcharged, recoyle against all Discipline, break into divers Factions, and with the Splints of those crackt opinions, do more mischief then Deliberation or Justice can suddenly salve. I speak no new unheard Language. This Community of Preaching hath brought it into such cheap rate and contempt, with many, that, as if the gift of Tongues were prostitute to Idiots, and Trades; you shall have a sort of Lay Mechanick Presbyters of both Sexes (*Prædicatores & Prædicantissæ*) presume too far upon their acquaintance with the Pulpit, that they will venture upon an exposition, or undertake to manage a long unweildy Prayer conceived on the sudden, though not so suddenly uttered; nay, they are so desperate, they will torment a Text, and in their resty Conventicles Teach as boldly, as if they were as well able to become Journey-men to the Pulpit, as to their own Trades.

Sermon at
Pauls Cross
25. November.

As for *Predestination, Election, and Reprobation*, they are *Swonels*: Good and Gracious words, but no such Mysteries, as our *Reformling* misunderstands and misinterprets; and although I do not sport with the Tremendous and Eternal Decrees

Decrees of Heaven, yet " I can whistle at his Heavenly inspired Bag-pipes, and look upon such inquisitive record searchers of the Supreme Judge, but as bold Astrologers, who saucily and presumptuously pretend to bring intelligence from the Privy Council of Heaven, as if they had pickt the Cabinet of Fate and Providence through the Key-hole of the Stars. The Dutch-man found himself in the wrong Box at last, and swore there was no Butter there.

You are scarce sooner entered the Glorious Fabrick of his contriving Brain, but whip he goes, as nimble as a Monkey, to the House-top, and as swift as exhalations from the Earth, he's rapt and transported with Thunder and Lightning, many Stories above Bedlam Garrets, into the second Region of the Air: But the Storm ceases, and down comes he like gentle Snow — Νιφάδοντι ἐοικότα χιμαεῖσιν Hom. Iliad. γ. to Boil Solomons Pot with the crackling of Thorns, as if he had stolen 'em from the Man in the Moon. This is his Vagarie; and I leave my Inceri Laris — Friend to maunder here and Cook by himself.

His next Paragraph couples him with the Observer, and I shall answer them in the leash. As they come in my way, I am for them, armed with reason, not Sword and Pistol: For a Man may as soon beat Religion, as good Manners into either Head with a Pole-axe; and therefore I would not have them cry out Murther with such a false hollow! Sure, had our Reformling been an Antidiluvian, he would have cryed out Fire, Fire lustily, in Noah's Flood. As Castor and Pollux shine by turns, so they must ever expect an alternate extinction. Take care of your Candles both, else for the glimmerings of your reason, you may walk Home with the fainter light of a Glow-worm. Though the Pamphlet in Question, be not in any thing worth a reply, and the Pamphleteer deserves to be answered otherwise than with a Pen; a Pen, Man! what can be a better argument, except his Gudgel or Kill-zadock, and convincing Club-law? Here I might eat his words, as he often does mine, and retort, it were a sufficient Reyonder. But he mercifully leaves me to my Competent Judge, p. 7. Did not his own hand shake when he wrote, JUDGE? His own guilt might very well have given him the Palsie. This Sentence he borrows from the Weekly Observer, and publishes himself a Plagiary in his Postscript: And for all our Reformling's different Physiognomy.

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ognoimy of Religions, they are much of the same Feature: I leave the Devil and the Colliar to parley whether had the blacker Complexion. Now since he does stand upon the *Observator's* Legs, for the Support and Authority of his illegal Observations, he shall seem to be as good a *Man* as he pleases, but then he must acknowledge himself, to be very much mistaken in several of his *Notions*, and especially in *Church Ceremonies*: And so he gives up his Cause, and looses his *Tub* as the *Butcher* lost his *Knife*, which he had all the while between his *Teeth*.

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As never any Beauty or fair Face, gained all Hearts their suffrages or admiration; nor any ingenuity and plain-dealing a general applause: So there hath seldom been wanting an *Apologist* to refute the pittiful and paultry Imputations of the *reflector*. An *Author* now a days has no civiler treatment than a *Pissing-post*; every little *Cur* holds up his *Leg* at him, cocks his *Tail*, and throws dirt in his *Face*. As I should have the stomach of a *Night-man* to read *Tartaretus de more cacandi*; so truly I would as soon choose to be condemned to be a *Scavenger* for the Streets of *London*, and to carry all the Dung out of this little World of *Sin and Sea-Coal*, as to examine the foul and filthy absurdities of the *Reformer*, or the mercenary Scandals of the *Observator*, more then I have or shall do, in short. A *Muckender* for 'em both to rake their puddles of reproach.

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The *Reforming* wrests, culls, and tears my *Book* in an incensed Mood for Forty and more *Pages* together, as if he had never drawn bit nor breath for't; and he makes the veriest *Tatter de mallion* of it, with half words and half sentences, that it would certainly cry for the *Rag-man*, but that it had been at the *Paper-mill* already. He hath the *bien tourne*, I'll say't, at marring of sense, and as excellent a knack of a *Laconick* answer, as a *Popish Priest* in the late times, who, Preaching in a Chappel about Town, brought a *petit Library* of Heretical reformed Authors with him, and told the Auditory with a brisk look, he must confute them; the first he touch'd upon chanced to be *John Calvin*: This is that grand Enemy to our Church, *John Calvin*, says he; his first word is *Institutiones*, gives him a quick turn-over, his last word is *Iniquitates*. His *Institutiones* are *Iniquitates*, ye may conclude with himself, and so he lays him by with confutation enough to his *Hearers*.

Reported by
Bishop---

So

So J. G. G. picks out words, strips them of all antecedent and consequent Sense, and when he has them *naked*, he whips them off with a *Jerque*. Thus *Atheism* shall be proved out of Scripture; the *Psalmist* has it — *There is no God*; not considering what went before, *The Fool hath said it in his Heart*: For who but a *Fool* would have said so? He rakes up an *Oglio* of a few scattered words *Higlede-piglede* in my expressions; and then he Mauls, and Slanders, and Rogues them *ad arbitrium*; as the *Cock-bawd* will be bespattering the *Carted-whore* of his own making; though of all Men in the World he should not cast the *Stone* or *Horns* at her. As Division is his Talent he improves it upon my sense and words to his own *Note*. He shatters the whole Frame of my Discourse to pieces, like the splinters of the *Knight Errant's Lance*: But he breaks no *Bones*, but what being set by an unprejudiced Hand, will knit more firmly and strong against him. For my *abusive and brutish Language* I had his parol that he would not take advantage of the *Law Talionis* upon it, but it is so material a *Limb of Magna Charta*, that he must now stand upon it, as a piece of privilege to quit scores with me: And the fundamental constitution of *Billingsgate* is — *You're a Rogue, and you're a Rogue*. This is his *Religion*, which cannot govern his *Morality*; and such an one, "is not a Dram better than my Mastiff Dog, so long as you stroke him and please him, and do not pinch him, he will play with you as finely as may be, and wag his Tail: He is a very good Moral Mastiff; but if you hurt him, he will fly in your Face, and tear out your Throat, says *Selden* p. 36. Where Scripture should shackle his *hot-spur* spirit, he breaks forth *pell-mell* upon me; and calls me *Fool*, and *Fool*, and *Fool*, to the end of the Chapter. He would turn me a *grazing* to converse with none but *Nebuchadnezzar's Society*. pag. 4. certainly he does not wish me his *Metamorphose* too, of long *Nails* for fear of a *Scratch't Face*. I am a *Lion* in his *Roaring* pag. 31. that would have all under a *spoiling Paw*; yes, when he is my *Jackal* I shall never want *Prey*. All along he insinuates me to be a *Papist*, a furious *Persecutor*. pag. 6. That would promote the *Ruin and Confusion of Kingdoms with Fire and Fagot*. This is his *Ignis fatuus*: Such wild-fire does not burn; and it's all made by the *antiperistasis* of his own *clod pate*, *Neroe's Fiddle* would have sounded harsh to my Ear in the combustion of blazing *Rome*; and I could have

have wished, when *London* was of a Flame, that the Fire had not lookt and rag'd so much like the Final conflagration; that it had been no greater, no fiercer, than what any Man might have *pissed out*. What a pother and *calenture* were the Brains of that Hyper-critical Philosopher in, to find out the Materials *God first struck Light with*? I pity the nice folly, but I hold, and practice according to my Tenet, that *fire* was not made to blow up *Parliaments*, or to serve either a *Popish* or *Presbyterian Plot*. I should have been content never to have seen *Englands Wonder*, a *Monument* erected upon the ashes of our Metropolis: Oh! that every Mans *Engine* could have quenched the Flames; and fewer Tears then were shed might have put them out! I do not think *King Charles II.* brought the *Coal* or the *Incendiary* home with him, as he would intimate in his *Observations*. p. 13, 14. Neither do I believe it was for the Sin of *Gluttony*, though the Fire began in *Pudding-Lane* and ended in *Pye-Corner*: The Heavens have spent much Fire and Brimstone in Old Story, upon Murder, Rebellion and Faction. He hints at my *Dear Sister Popery* again pag. 18. when I deny the Relation or Affinity; and was never wedded yet so far to any *Religion*, but upon good Evidence and true Conviction I might be *Divorced*. *Jacobitism and Popery are his Darlings*, Ibid. The last time we shak'd Hands with Popery I bid it a *Farewell* with all my Heart. *A liar, a Child of the Devil, a false accuser*, that is, the Devil's Devil, as *Hugh Peters* was said to Possess Satan, not Satan *Hugh Peters*. *The Protestant Cause is perfidiously betrayed by me*, pag. 68. He may Trumpet this with a *Silver Tongue* to be neither impious, nor prophane, nor scurrilous, nor perfidious, but I must tell him, his *Fore-head* is of the same Metal with his *Kitchen*, if there is any *Brass* in it, for doing so. *A Villain*, page 65. *an Arminian*, page 66. *a Cut-throat, an Executioner, a Hangman*, page 15, 34. *I arraign God for his Decree*, page 57. *Mentiris impudentissime*, page 70. and his own English of it.

Quid pro quo. — *Thou art a most impudent liar*, is a pretty concise answer to all that he hath scandalously held forth. For *Uniformity-sake* we must hang together, page 34. He gives me all the *Hangman's Office*, but wheres the *Gallows*? *Haman* made a *Gallows* for another, and was Hang'd on it himself. What a *May-game* he makes of an *Act of Parliament* with his *Uniformity-twang*? He little considers surely, how his jest intrenches upon the

Ibidem.

the old Round-head Cant, Good Lord, make us of one Accord, Concord, Record, or Any-Cord, Good Lord, that we may hang all together; and a bold daring Cavalier said Amen to't. But I would stab him if I could, pag. 14. I never push home a Topick with the Rhetorick of the Sword: I write with such Ink as He does, not with Blood; for Sanguinary Laws I am averse to, yet I do not think or esteem DRACO the worse Lawgiver for His. Indeed to be called so many Names, would make a Man scratch where it does not itch, as CHAUCER has it upon another Account: I care not what the Italians say; but I wonder he should travel so far for an Itch of a Popish Expression, pag. 16. He's a great Linguist, I suppose; for he says Latin is the Language of the Beast, pag. 23. But it would certainly be worth his Enquiry, whether Balaam's Ass spoke Latin.

To see Men live
poor to dye
rich.

My Language is abusive, unbecoming, immodest, unclean, ridiculous, reviling, impious, injurious, rubbish, trash, and stuff. — Well said Textor! So he hashes it, and makes such a Hotch-potch Sluttery of it, that, like the Greedy gut who spit in his porridge, he designs it all for himself. Enter Observer. The Painter that should put a Pen into the Angel's hand would detract from his Knowledge, and degrade Intuition. But were it no Grotesque, and if Angels themselves wrote Books, I am apt to think we should not have fewer Mercury's: and their happiest Notions would hardly escape the Libelling, Censure, and Burlesque of a braving Observer. How nobly would Grubstreet encounter Heaven and cry out upon the abusive language of Thunder, and the Nonsense of Flashes and Lightnings for foul play in the Quarrel! were the pacifick Angels to converse with Presbyterians: for I am so charitable as not to wish the destroying ones among them; in order to profelitate so many persecuting Sauls of our Church. Were they commissioned to make them loyal and pious Converts by conforming them to our Monarchy and Liturgy; would not one believe that the main stress and argument of their Revelation would be urged from the Novelty, Inhumanity, and Unchristian Cruelty of their King-killing or Schismatical Principles and Zealous Biggoticism? Which in the Language of Man, were to call them, the Dissenters, Schismaticks, and Regicides. Where is the Harshness or Impiety of the Dialect then? To call a Man

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an Eternal *Villain* whose Ears bear witness of the Cruelty, if he pleases, or Justice of the *Pillory*, and have eternized his Fame, can be no great Abuse, I hope, or unjust Affront. You cannot take the *Sow* by the wrong Ear when she has none left. *OEdipodas facito, Telegonosque voces*, says *Ovid* of his *Amourettes*; he bids his *Tristia* call 'em Rogues and Rascals: *OEdipus's* and *Telegonus's*, Murderers.

And may not an artificial height of Passion be allowed in an *Orator* as well as the sweet-tongu'd *Poet*? He's not the less mild and soft for a Counterfeit-Anger: for He only sung a feigned Chastisement of his *de Arte amandi* Adventures, which He yet lov'd so far, I dare say, as to pride Himself in Banishment for innocent Wit and Amour. No; this is not allowable: it is *abusive*. Why? for what Reason but a Woman's? Because it is. Or an *Observer's* IPSE DIXIT? The notable Panfophist hath said so. Methinks a little Sense and less Wit might distinguish the *Persons* from their *Good Old Cause*: I can love the *Observer*, and hate his *Extravagance*; What! Not one penny left of five hundred a year? Have *Charity* for the *Rebel*, and abominate the *Rebellion*; the Vicious Person and the Vice are distinguishable by an easie *Logick*, and I think the Tongue may stab a base Principle through and through the sides of a *Presbyterian*, and the patient Person be ne're the worse hurt. A sort of humour-some people are labouring with a *le ne scay que* of a singular Distemper and Ruptures of their own making; well, *Corrosives* are applied, and the Wound probed deep in order to a safer Cure: The Patient groans under the tart Remedy; in comes Sir *Empirick*, and calls the Physician *abusive*: A wonderful Quack-assurance and Judgment indeed! I'll warrant you *Presbytery* is not to be handled but with such a comprehensive *Waser-Charity* as His: the *Waser* is easily broken with the least dry touch, and then the whole *Bond* of Christian Love is cancelled and nullified. If he opinions that *Presbytery* cannot endure the Test and Touch of Controversie, he will bring it into the like Suspicion and Disgrace with the salivated *Gentleman's* tender Nose, that had got the *Noli me tangere*, and could not abide the Jest of a *Naso suspendere adunco*: who slightly made use of his *Handkerchief*, and wip'd off the angry *Bow sprear* of his Face into his Pocket, because it should be no longer the Subject of a pockify'd

pockify'd Bantre or Jeer. He that would be cured of the *King's Evil*, must have the *Royal Touch*; some perhaps had rather rest *incurable*. A *Presbyterian* can no otherwise pretend *breach of Charity* for a Reason why it should not be touched with the severest Truths, than a *Corps* kept under ground seemingly entire, which being once touched, soon falls to dust and ashes. How strange a Paradox, how monstrous a Notion does he frame of Charity, Love, and Concord, who would have the satyrical canvassing of *Presbyterian Polity* and the Invectives of Controversie to be Transgressions of *Gospel-Virtue*! I would ask him but this Question civilly: Does he think Mr. *Observer's* Head might not be broken without *breach of Charity*? the one stand in need of a *plaister*, and the other not need the least *salvo*? With *Charity* I hold the Affirmative: and I am sure there is less blood drawn from lashing their Principles and Opinions. What if I mean no *Body* or no individual, particularly? There are no broken pates among *Universals*: and he knows no *Body* breaks his windows at Foot-ball.

Could my *Pen* write as deep a *style* and more legible Characters of Perjury, Disloyalty, and Rebellion, than the Whip does, on the Backs of such *respective* Malefactors at a *Carts Arse*; I should not think my self the worse *Christian* for an *Observer's* exclaiming, inhumane, uncharitable, *abusive Tory*: I have nothing to say but *Sir William Coventry* Page 6. for the Trimmers; but to call *Church-men* highflown names is *Billingsgate* all over. I might have advertised them of a notable *Petition* of the *moderate Divines* drawn up by a comical *Witling* last Session of Parliament — That the 30th of *January* and 29th of *May* be discarded out of *Partridge's Almanack*, as being great Eye-fores to the Godly Party; but they are resolved for anotherwise *Debate*. Could the dint of *Pen* cry *Slash*, like the Whip, at every period: Law and Justice would authorize and justify the *Severities* of the one with as much tender reason as the *Slashes* of the other, and no Law rightly interpreted, is repugnant to that of *Humanity*: so that the whole charge and burden of *Nonsense and abusive Language* thrown at me, I am afraid, for all the *Verbosity* and bluff Moderation of an *Observer*, will recoil upon him that first discharged the reviling *Month-Granado*.

A Fair Character of the

Perhaps it was a cruel Wish to have the *Reformer's Book* burned: I can give him an old *Rule* for this Animosity; *Ignem perdat qui fumum vendidit*: and pity it should be *obsolete* as long as such *Authors* as he kindle those *Flames* in their own Works, which shall consume them; the silly *Phoenix* will be burning her own *Nest*. For any thing I know his Friend *Baldwin* anticipated my Wish, to make his *Book* *saleable*. *Palace-Yard*, the *Bookseller* knows, makes a thing *Sell* incomparably. I confess my Expressions were sometimes troubled and storming, sometimes *serene*, calm and moderate. Here my Words fall like *Hail*, there like *softer Snow*; and with Mr. *Observer's* leave and a shallow-brain'd *Sciolist's* Favour, I rather judge it a piece of Art than a Fault or abusive Language, to vary the *Idea* or Character of my Speech: now to smooth a Period, then to thunder, according to the quality of the Subject, and my satyrick Design on notorious Scandals: Scandals and Reproaches of two great, good, and just Kings! Their Fame is traduced: of our Church! Her Peace is disquieted, and our *Jerusalem* rabbled by *Señaries* into an Uproar of Dissention. How liberal was *Propertius* in bestowing his artful *Curses* on the *Baia* that kill'd *Augustus's* Nephew! And where is the Abuse or Imprudence in raunting those with impassioned *Satyr* who kill'd *Cæsar* himself? Those, whose Principles either oblige them to apologize for the heinous Fact, or to write it down to eternal Shades of Oblivion: Those, who could frame a Panegyrick for *Bulyris*, a Vindication for *Nero*; with varnished Tenents, pleasing Delirium's, Shifts and Disguises, put such a face on the Matter, as to accuse Innocence, without guilt, of Calumny and Cruelty, Detraction and Inhumanity: Those lastly, who would put all *England* into a doubt, not only to raise *Vulgar Mens* wonder, but to win a popular Belief, that what they called *Justice* was better executed on their *Sovereign*, than it had been if omitted. Here I shall take liberty for one Digression on our *Reforming* pag. 28. Neither *St—ns*, *J. G. G.* nor *John A-styles*, are over-passionately concerned for *King C.'s Death*. Not over-passionately; that is, in our Idiom, not passionately enough. They are *Democritus's* to day. *King Charles the Second's Restoration*, suppose we, is to morrow; then they are *Heraclitus's*. This is like the *Saints Gibbriſh* of *Grantham*. Excess of Joy and Sorrow.

Sorrow are equally dangerous: neither would I have Men revel till their Faces are all on Illuminations *on this*, nor weep into Funeral Marble *on that occasion*. Passions are to be suppressed when they rise against reason: But the *Moralist* is not for rooting them out, but moderating them; we must not take away diversity of Tunes in Musick, but reduce 'em to good Order, and so make up a Harmony, till such as our *Reforming*, I do not say *Pigs*, play upon *Church Organs*. Page 17.
 Another Paradox is advanced, pag. 59. That *those who had been for the Parliament were the great Instruments in bringing King Charles 1. home again*. It may be so: He that hath not so wise and worldling a Foresight as to save his own *Bacon*, is the greater *Hog* of the two. The truth of it is not upon Record, and their subsequent Actions never verified the Report; for they were always *nibbling* under-board at Kingly Power afterwards, and mouthing under the *Rose* at Despotick Prerogative and Penal Laws. His *Challenge* to disprove what he says of *King Charles 2*, pag. 13, 14. of his *Observations*, is huffing brave: It is more Honour to refuse than accept such Provocations; but I durst dispute it upon a *Pillory* with him, and he that lost the Prize should pay the *Excise* of his Ears or the *Poll* of his Head. However, he reproaches him; while his Miscarriages as a *Man* ought to be obliterated in the Ashes of Oblivion, and rak'd up in the Embers of an *ardent* and mutual Affection for his Memory, as a good and peaceable and merciful *King*; for he might put all the *Blood*, he unlawfully spilt, in his Eye, and never see *Mercy* and *Indemnity* the worse for't. Now because Scripture bids him *not Curse*, nor I presume, revile, slander, traduce, *the King in his Thought*, he does it in *Print*, and saves the *Letter* of the Text: Because Majesty is *sacred*, it must be *prophaned* with a *private Reign*, which those of his *Cabinet* never knew any thing of: where he is *falsly Romanced* into the Murder of the *Earl of Essex*, *Incest*, and I know not what *Aspersions*. Justly then hath Fancy given *Satyr Teeth*, and may they now bite like a *Badger's* till they meet: What bad *Decoctions* of *Stile* must he *stomach* with, who in his undigested *Rifts* would call *Sarcasm*, the very *Purity* and *Nettete* of *Rhetorick*, *abusive Language*? Nevertheless, says the high and mighty *Observer*: *The Author of The Reformer Rack'd has broken all bounds and rules of Humanity*.

A Novel int- ruled so.

A Fair Character of the

Humanity with Mankind; and perhaps never was there in a Pamphlet so much Nonsense and so much of abusive Language as in this: But what can be expected from a Man, who in his second Page looks upon Calvinism as an Heresie as damnable as Socinianism, Arrianism, and Anabaptism? Such a Champion of our Church deserveth, I am sure, to be taken notice of some other way than by an Observer; especially if it has stolen out with no License from Authority, as I may reasonably presume it has.

Here the Erroneous and Reviling Philistine is upon me, but the least pebble of an Argument drawn from clear Reason; Truth as *naked* and unarmed as *David* may humble or sink into the *Goliath's* Forehead and convince him, if he were more *brazen'd* than he is. How Magisterially does he pronounce me in a *State of War* with Mankind? Let him be assured I am none of *Hobbs's* Creatures: though I think *Self-preservation* is almost arrived at his pitch and state of it; since I see most Men now a-days possessed with a specious pretended necessity of *Defence*, where no *Offence* is half so much *given* as *unfairly taken*: and some are affrighted with *Fantasms*, Fears, and Jealousies of their own *Wind-mill* or *Quixotian* Fancies, standing upon their own *Guards* never so unjustly. It would have made his Position good upon me to have proved every *Swordsmen* that carries *Toledo* dangling at his side was in such a Duelling Frolick, who never drew it in Anger or unsheathed for *Inhumanity*. The Pen was never yet reckoned a Weapon of War, but by the strained *Metaphor* of a *Paper-fight*, or *Writing-Combate*. Exit.

Enter *Reformling* pag. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. — The *Reformer Rack'd* was an unmerciful *Title*: yes, if I had misconstrued his Principles, or misrepresented his Vagaries; made him *confess* or depose Things upon that *Titular Rack* different from his Intentions or Perswasion, though he brings himself off, pag. 26. with the *Equivocation of a Not Guilty King Charles I.* *Racking* is a hard Word: Suppose I had entituled my Pamphlet, *The Reformer Booted and Thummakin'd*: But the *good Covenant* would na allow that *misheard Lownery*, na, na, *Billy*. It must be a strong Imagination that this *Idea* can extort a Sob or a Sigh from: A stout Malefactor may tremble at the Sight or Thought of the *Three-legged Tree*; but I never heard of any one that was *choak'd* with the

the *Fancy*. As for *Reformation*, I like nothing so ill in it indeed, as the *NAME*, and the *Reformers*. We know our *Upstart Reformling* is as singular and prepossessed as he that would eat no *Fish* but what was taken out of the *Lake of Geneva*; that was the only relishing *Fish* for the *Presbyterian Maw*. I do not say *Omnia bene*: Queen *Elizabeth* might have reason to *reform* many Things in the *Church*, and had the sole Supreme Authority to do it, howsoever she might be advised. Will he grant this? *Apud omnes Gentes, quævis administratio solennis erat sacerdotem, authoritas tamen summa sancienda, reformanda, vindicanda religionis, semper erat penes Magistratum. Reges Israelitici & Christiani idem jus sibi vindicarunt, Davenant: Deter. quæst. 19. Exod. 31. 18.* And because he falsely taxes me with Scripture-Ignorance, I shall humour him with another Text, *Exod. c. 34. 32, 34.* Such as J. G. G. are not to be their own *Carvers* in a *Reformation*. But every *Cot-Queen*, that is scarce fit to make *Kitchin-stuff*, will have a finger in the *Pye*, and then it is not for my *Tooth*. Does he remember how long his *Predecessors* sat towards a *new Religion*, and in the *interim* left none at all. We had had a hopeful World on't, if the *King of Arragon* had been to assist *God* in the making of it; and yet the blasphemous *Architect* thought he could have contrived it much better. The *Giants* built themselves a very high *Fall*: and since our *Reformling* dislikes *Fables*, he may love the *Moral* if he will. The Self-interest and *Fat-livings* of our *Clergy*, as he maligns them, retards a *Reformation*. O Interest, Interest! I can cry out against Interest as loud as he with his O's! and tell him that some *Worthy Personages* have gone through *Traytor's Gate* towards Heaven by the barbarous *Interest* of his Party. He may keep the Opinion of a *Perfection in this Life* to his *Puritan-self*: an Age is not enough for this Accomplishment; but when seven years are run out, the *Fanaticks* may begin again and finish an *Apprenticeship* as long as *Life*, yet come short of that freedom and perfection they seek. Our *Clergy* would be still improving the *Reformation*: and it is not *Interest* so much as *Schism* that hinders, which has been so often baffled for all his *new Challenge*, that it gives ground and runs back to an Accommodation. Some have reformed out of *Interest*, and to be ingenuous, whether *Interest* and a Pique did not set

Luther's.

Page 60.

Page 11.

Page 10.

Luther's Reformation on foot, let *Thuanus's History* of it be the *Umpire*. Let *Erasmus* jest: *Luther* might have cracked a *Greep* or beat a *reforming Parley* upon the *Priests Belly* with the *Pope*; but as far as I can impartially judge, the loss of a little Interest more than a religious Dislike, mov'd him to quarrel with *Indulgences*; as the Man that missed of being the *King's Treasurer*, began to rail at his *Coin* and the Revenues of the Crown. I submit this Conjecture to the candid *Reader* of that Relation in the *Council of Trent*. "The
 " Occasion was the Necessity of *Pope Leo* the Tenth, who
 " by his Profusion had so exhausted the *Treasure* of the
 " Church, that he was constrained to have recourse to the
 " publishing of *Indulgences*, to raise Moneys: some of which
 " he had destined to his own Treasury, and other part to
 " his Allies; and particularly to his *Sister*, he gave all the
 " Money that should be raised in *Saxony*; and she, that she
 " might make the best profit of the Donation, commits it
 " to one *Aremboldus*, a Bishop, to appoint Treasurers for
 " these *Indulgences*. Now the Custom was, that whenso-
 " ever these *Indulgences* were sent into *Saxony*, they were
 " to be divulged by the Fryars *Eremites*, (of which Order
 " *Luther* then was.) But *Aremboldus's* Agents thinking with
 " themselves, that the Fryars *Eremites* were not so well ac-
 " quainted with the Trade, that if the Business should be
 " left to them, they should either be able to give so good an
 " account of their Negotiation, or get so much themselves
 " by it as they might do in case the Business were committed
 " to another Order; they therefore recommend it to (and
 " the Business is undertaken by) the *Dominican* Fryars, who
 " performed it so ill, that the Scandal arising both from
 " thence, and from the ill Lives of those that set them on
 " work, stirred up *Luther* to write against the Abuses of
 " these *Indulgences*; which was all he did at first; but then
 " not long after being provoked by some Sermons and small
 " Discourses that had been published against what he had
 " written, he rips up the Business from the Beginning, and
 " publishes *XCV Theses* against it at *Wittenberg*. Against
 " these *Tekel* a *Dominican* writes; then *Luther* adds an Ex-
 " plication to his. *Eckins* and *Pierius*, Dominicans, there-
 " upon take up the Controversie against him: and now
 " *Luther* begins to be hot; and because his Adversaries
 " could

Annotations
 upon Dr. Brown
 his Religio
 Medici.

“ could not found the Matter of Indulgences upon other
 “ Foundations than the Pope’s Power and Infallibility, that
 “ begets a Disputation betwixt them concerning the Pope’s
 “ Power, which *Luther* insists upon as inferiour to that of
 “ a *General Council*; and so by degrees he came on to op-
 “ pose the Popish Doctrine of *Remission of Sins*, Penances,
 “ and Purgatory; and by reason of Cardinal *Cajetan’s* im-
 “ prudent management of the Conference he had with him,
 “ it came to pass that he rejected the whole Body of Popish
 “ Doctrine.” So that by this we may see what was the
 accidental Occasion wherein, the slender mean, *which in*
my sense smells something of Interest, whereby; and the abject
 condition of the Person by whom, the Work of Reforma-
 tion of Religion was set on foot. But the Reforma-
 tion’s a good Reformation, and we have it in the compara-
 tive degree. Any Woman will say her own Eggs are the
 best in the *Market*.

Now our *Reforming* would be at the *Altar*, to level or Pag. 49, 50, &c.
 take it away for our superstitious Idolatry of *bowing* to it:
 and he might as well go about to pull the *Sun* out of the
 Heavens because we bow to the *East*. *Ad* and *Versus*, in
 his *Grammar*, are all one; but when he proves an external
 Act of Worship of *Jesus Christ* performed towards the
 Altar to be Superstition, I will give his *Worship* my Cap,
 make him a *leg*, and turn to what *point* of the *Compasses* his
 Indifferency pleases. Yet our Religion shall stand unmove-
 able, no more shaken by the breath of Factious Spirits, than
 the Rays of the Sun are diverted by the *Wind*; blow it
 from *Rome* or *Amsterdam*.

What I spoke of in the *soure Grape*, other *Authors*, I In the Refor-
mer Rack’d.
 may say, have done in *stale Vinegar*, without the Imputation
 of *abusive Language*, that ever I heard or read of. *The*
Royal Charter granted unto Kings, pag. 125. characterizes the
 Conception, and Birth, and Education of *John Calvin’s* In-
 fant Schism with the most salt and tarest Excursions.
Never was there such a Monster as this ruling, and thus
constituted Presbytery; the Father of it Rebellion, the Mother
Insurrection. Witness the Fall of the Prince and Bishop of
Geneva to the puny Historian, our *Observer: the Midwife,*
Sacrilege; the Nurse, Covetousness, Pride and Ambition; the
Milk, Schism; the Coats, Armour; the Rattle, Drums; a

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bloody

bloody Sword, the Goral ; Money, (and Janus-fac'd too perhaps) the Babies it delights to play withal : It grows up to be a Stripling, and goes to school to a Council of War ; its Lesson is on a Trumpet ; its Fescue, a Pistol ; its going out of school in rank and file ; its Play-days the days of Battel ; and Black-Munday the day of Judgment : It comes of age, and is married with a solemn League and Covenant ; it begets Children like it self, whose blessing upon them is the power of the sword, and whose imposition of hands are broken pates ; the Monster cries down this truly ancient Catholick and Apostolick Power which the Bishops exercised, and then tacks it up again, and use it themselves in a higher nature than ever any Bishops or Apostles themselves did or durst have done, even to the Excommunication and Deposement of their Kings, to the delivering of them up to Satan and to Heads-men, to whom the Apostles taught submission (how faulty soever they were) and if not obedience, yet submission still to every one of their Ordinances, if not for their own sakes, yet for the Lord's sake and for Conscience-sake : these men cry down the same Authority as Popish, whilst they exalt themselves above all that are called Gods in a higher manner than ever any Pope of Rome ever yet did. The Observer might observe and remember a certain Pope treated an Emperour as uncivilly as a Querry, in making him hold his Stirrop till he mounted his Horse, walk a foot while he rode : But the Presbyterians dismount our Kings, hold our Kings in chains, and our Nobles in fetters of Iron, for themselves to ascend their Thrones. They take from Caesar the things which are Caesars ; not only the Tribute, but Crown and Life too. Yet our Government was never long a Bucephalus, to be ridden by such new Masters as they : He always knew his Alexander from their uneasy Sitting, and they were once fairly thrown out of the Saddle. As for their old Arts and new Practices, we know they usually play at Tennis with our Church ; either strike it down like a Ball for themselves to rebound the higher by, or throw it up, as the Beast does its prey, only to catch it coming down again in his mouth, devour, and sport it to ruin ; so some Parasites may be assured by experience that the most feasible way to bring a haughty King down, is to make him yet a haughtier Monarch, pride him, stick a feather in his Cap to take off his CROWN, and so honourably kick him up stairs ; Fid-
lers

Frederick I.
waited on Pope
Adrian's
Stirrop.

lers and Drawers are only flung down 'em. The ingeniousest and most infallible Maxim, Politick or Religious, that has been stated, since Philosophy, Certainty, and Demonstration came to perfection, was *King James's*, in his Basil. Dor. *Sublato Episcopo tollitur Rex*. And the same Princely Wisdom that said *Monarchy and Presbytery* agreed like *God* and the *Devil*, might have called *Episcopacy*, *Michael* in the Battel. That our *Bishops* are *jure divino*, I am convinced from another Gospel than *Ἐκὼν Βασιλική*, from the Fathers, Councils, *Sanderson's* *Episcopacy*, *Hooker's* Ecclesiastical Polity, *Morice's* Vindication of *Diocesan Episcopacy* against *Baxter's* Church-History, and the Learned *Lowth's* laborious *Subject of Church Power*, &c. He must confute them, or he proves nothing. The World's come to this *Gue*, you must either trip up another's heels, or he's your *Master*. This is the Juggle of *Parity*, they would have no Body *above* them; but we guess who they would have *under*.

Page 34.

'Tis storied, that after "*Luther* had made a Combustion in *Germany* about Religion, he was sent to by the *Pope*, to be taken off, and offer'd any preferment in the Church, that he would make choice of: *Luther* answered, if he had offered half as much at first, he would have accepted it; but now he had gone so far, he could not come back: in truth he had made himself a greater Thing than they could make him; the *German Princes* courted him; he was become the Author of a Sect ever after to be called *Lutherans*. So have our Preachers done that are against the *Bishops*; they have made themselves greater with the People, than they can be made the other way, and golden Mountains cannot bring them off now. The *Reforming* is angry that I do not prove every thing out of Scripture, pag. 60. What will become of the *Parliament* and *Westminster-Hall* then, if we cannot find them in the Bible? What shall I do for *Words* to fit this *Man*, unless I took the length of his Ear, or the measure of his Mouth, as the Fellow said that was to make a Speech for my *Lord Mayor*?

Farther yet the forecited Loyal Author, pag. 136, 137. may as well exemplifie and justifie my *Language* as obviate an Objection of an *Elder-date*, which might now be urged. To recite him then: *Ob but the Presbyterians had no hand in*

A Fair Character of the

it, they prayed, and preached, and wrote against it, fasted and prayed for a diversion of all such Intentions: but I pray who took the Scepter out of his hand, in taking away the Militia, of which it was an Emblem, that should have defended him; was it not the Presbyterian? Who cast down his Throne by taking away his negative Voice; was it not the Presbyterian? Who took off his Crown, the fountain of Honour, from off his Head, by denying Those Honour on whom he had conferr'd it without them; was it not the Presbyterian? Who took away his Supremacy signify'd by the sacred Unction wherewith he was anointed, in not allowing him the liberty of his own Conscience in the point of Episcopacy and Church-Government; was it not the Presbyterian? Who would not treat a minute with their King before they had made him acknowledge himself guilty (as they say) of all the blood that had been spilt throughout his Dominions; was it not the Presbyterian? who (notwithstanding all the Concessions on his part that could be granted, even to the very grating his Princely Conscience when he bid them ask flesh from off his bones, and he would not deny it them, if it might have been a benefit unto his people, prayed that he might keep his Conscience whole, it was the Queen-Regent of all good mens Actions, and he hoped there were none would force his Queen before him in his House, as Ahasuerus said to Haman) voted not satisfactory so long, untill the Independant Army came from Edinburgh, and surpriz'd and murder'd him; was it not the Presbyterians? He that said the Presbyterians held him down by the Hair, while the Independants cut off his Head, said true enough; they murder'd him as a King, before ever they murder'd him as a Man; for what may the Independant say to the Presbyter? If you'll take off his Authority, we'll take off his Head: if you'll make him no King, we'll make him no Body: if you'll make him a man of Blood, we'll use him accordingly: therefore at your doors, O Presbyterian Hypocrites! do I lay his innocent Blood: it is but like the rest of your Actions committed by your Ancestors to former Princes all along. These primed the pan, and those gave fire in the very face of Majesty; as some are Designers, and others put in Execution.

'Tis true, we are miserably divided in point of Politicks and in point of Religion; and I with the Church and State had not occasion to use St. Augustine's Litany — Libera

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me à me: and that her true Sons had no need to "pray unto Almighty God that he would save his Church out of the hands of her Church-men, for she now almost lies upon the ground like the *Tree* that complained, that she "was rent in sunder by *Wedges* made out of her own Body." But for Divisions of the *first magnitude*, we are beholden to the *Presbyterians*; and for a lying *Observer* to level my Desires or Actions at widening the *Gap*, when I wish to be a *Phineas* to stand in't, and compose or repair it with my own ruins, is as irreconcilable a Contradiction, as that I should breath hot and cold at once, or carry the very entire Elements of Fire and Water together in my mouth.

Brotherly Love and Charity are sacred Commands of the Gospel, and some *Libertines* practise them, like the *Oaths in the Play*, as the best *broken* Commodities in the Nation: But that we break them in being Zealous for those little Trifles, as *he intimates* our Church-Ceremonies or the Authority of our Church are, I doubt not but 'twould puzzle a *solider* Head than an *Observer's* to prove. Ceremonies may be *Trifles*, Play-things, * *Theatrical Fopperies*, by the way of *Observating*, and he may villifie our Church to a sanctified sort of *Gawdy Toy shop* too, if his *Observership* please: and from what himself meanly advances, I cannot but take a hint of Ridicule on the *Dissenters* for parting with Christian Union at as ignorant, frivolous, and cheap a rate as a *Fondling* that parts with his whole Estate for an Apple in the *Fairing-season*, and which a Hobby horse trap'd with glittering Tinsel from a Pedlars shop, or a Rattle, may purchase at any time of his unthinking Infancy.

* *Scotch Buchanan* nicknamed them so.

Our *Church* stands like the *everywhere* wounded Man in the *Almanack*, pointed and push'd at by more Diabolical and Schismatical Designs, than there are Celestial Signs in the Heavens: *Aries*, *Scorpio*, *Taurus*, and *Leo*, are her Enemies, and all confederate to ravage her: The *Planets* have their Goodness and Malignancy, and from *Mercury's* Conjunction with insulting *Mars* and Opposition to us, our *Church* expects no favourable Aspect or *pacifick* Influence.

If I have done the *Presbyterians* a Discourtesie, that's all; and I have done it without breach of *Charity*: and let the *Observer* know, though our Opinions differ, it is not necessary that our Affections should disagree. As the best
of

Balsack's
Letters.

Rumyant.

of modern *Epistolar Orators* hath observed, The Head and the Heart have their several Motions and Actions distinct: and moral Vertue can reconcile and unite what the Intellectual might *separate*. With Charity I say it to them; *Travellers* may fall out by the way, and yet set their Horses up together, and both meet at the same Inn at their Journey's end. The *Pilgrim* must meet with Distractions in his Progress: I do not mean the *Tinker*. Notwithstanding there are two principal Things which might advance our Peace and Unanimity so far, that we might draw nearer every day, to the great Centre of the *One Religion*; and little else would hinder but that we might maintain Christian Commerce and *Traffick* in things lawful. FIRST, That the *Dissenters* would leave Preaching up Novelty, and Sedition: not maintain our Saviour's Religion by Insurrection and Rebellion; for this is to maintain it by means condemned by the same *Religion* they would maintain. And SECONDLY, That they would unlearn their Principle of Fighting for the Liberty and Property of the Subject: The Religious Rebellion's *Stalking-Horse*, under whose Belly the *King* is wounded: since thereby the Subjects do alter the very property of their Goods and Estates; forfeit, their Great All, their Lives too, which they would seem to fight for or preserve.

Once more let me tell this *Pseudo-Moderator*, that much of that *Sarcastick Wit* which he miscalls *abusive Language*, has been written in Tears and Pity for our Divisions in point of Religion. As *Howel* neatly complains and languishes in *England's Tears*, pag. 10, 11. "But the principal thing that I hear that Reverend Lady the Church (that Queen of Souls and Key of Heaven) make her moan of, is, that that seemless Garment of Unity and Love, which our Saviour left her for a Legacy, should be torn and rent into so many Scissures and Sects by those that would make that Coat which she wore in her infancy, to serve her in her riper years: I hear her cry out at the monstrous exorbitant Liberty that almost every capricious Mechanick takes to himself to shape and form what Religion he lists: for the World is come now to that pass, that the Taylor and Shooe-maker may cut out what Religion they please; the Vintner and Tapster may baoach what

"Religion

" Religion they please; the Druggist and Apothecary may
 " mingle her as they please; the Haberdasher may put her
 " upon what Block he pleases; the Armourer and Cutler
 " may furbish her as they please; the Dyer may put what
 " Colour, the Painter may put what Face upon her he plea-
 " ses; the Weaver may cast her upon what Loom he
 " please; the Boat-swain and Mariner may bring her to
 " what Dock they please; the Gardiner may lop her as he
 " please; the Blacksmith may forge what Religion he please,
 " and so every Artizan, according to his Profession and
 " Fancy, may form her as he please. Methinks I hear that
 " venerable Matron complain further, how her Pulpits in
 " some places are become Beacons; how in lieu of Lights,
 " her Churches up and down are full of Firebands; how
 " every Caprice of the Brain is termed Tendernefs of Con- Page 27.
 " science, which well examined, is nothing but some fran-
 " tick Fancy, or Frenzy rather of some shallow-brain'd Scio-
 " list: and whereas others have been used to run mad for
 " excess of Knowledge, some of my Children grow mad
 " now-a-days out of too much ignorance.

The *Mitre* never wore the *Gleft* with more reason of
Division than for the *Presbyterian* Blows it has received;
 and it's wonderful that the *Crown* is not cloven too: we are
 divided in *point of Politicks*. Some Men are like the *mad*
Fidler, I remember, that would *run Divisions* with a clever
Bow by himself; but he could never endure to play in
Consort: these Humourists make bad Musick and harsh *Dis-*
cords in Church and State. Other *Minions*, when they have
 got on to the Battlements of our *Church*, are not contented
 on that Pinnacle, but they must *stilt* their heights of Ambition
 over *Civil Policy* too. These are the *Coryphæus's*, the
Brutus and *Cassius* that march in the Van of Confusion: the
Generalissimo's of Squeak and Disorder; and it is merciful
 enough to *thunder* upon such singular *Parasites* and Schisma-
 ticks, whose evil Paradoxes it were no Cruelty to answer
 with the *Bolt*. The keenest *Satyr* has a charitable *point*
 enough for such *Eye-sores* of publick Weal. I would fain
 ask the *Observer*, whether he likes an *Easie Majesty* in this
 dissolute chowfing Age, where *KINGS* are flyly gulled and
 made their *Favourite's Cullies*? whom I can compare to no-
 thing but *Meteors* appearing glorious for a time, till by their
 yielding

A Fair Character of the

yielding more and more to *Court-air-Candidates*, they fall and vanish to unnatural Earth. Oh the precarious *Grandeur* of *Princes*, which is little more than a *Tenure* of a *Grande's Courtesie*! What signifies it then for *Kings*, like the Sun in the Firmament of Glory, to look *biggest* with gullifying *Sciophantry*, when they are going down, and must never hope to *rise* again with *Crowns* on their Heads but in another World? If every *Tub* were to stand upon its own bottom, I am confident there would be work for the *Cooper*: I see nothing so absolute, that does not stand in need of *mending*, and nothing mended, but like botch'd *Tinker's* Work, three *holes* are made for't. The *Observer* and I agree in one Opinion, that the Reconciliation of the *Williamites* and *Jacobites* is very *improbable*: and I fancy it is *impossible* too for our WEEKLY SOLOMON to moderate their Contentions successfully with all his Statism, and give the *Child* to the right Owner. The Sword must decide that Quarrel. Yet I am apt to believe that his *boasted Humanity* would not, like the *unnatural WOMAN*, have it *divided*: though the *indifferent Man's moderation* perhaps might be willing to go *halves* or part *stakes* with the Winner, play what *Game* of Religion you please. Will he accept this *Motto* for himself — *Regis ad Exemplum componitur Observer*? Cannot he *trim* as those at the *Helm steer*? He may bluster and mediate with a *Pennyworth* of *Weekly Scribble* for a *PEACE*, and Heaven could not send a *Welcomer* present on Earth: but to call him a *STATESMAN* for this, were "to Knight a Mandrake, to view him "through a magnifying *Perspective*, and by that gross Hyperbole to give the Reputation of an *Engineer* to a Maker "of *Mouse-traps*. He may see all his Beauties and Perfections in a true Reflection of Queen *Mab's* Register's Looking-Glass; and read his own in *CLIEVELAND's* Character of a Diurnal-Maker. A *Statesman*! by the same reason that *Sir Roger L'Estrange* is no Statesman, no *Observer* superlative, none of the best *Translator's* of the letter'd World. A *Statesman*! yes, as much as *Merry Andrew* last *Bartholomew-Fair* but one, would needs pretend to be an *Admiral*, and put to Sea with a Ship called the *TOWER*, take the *Monument* for the *Main-mast*, and make such a *DESCENT*, that *Neptune* should tremble and drop his Trident,

Trident, and the Tyrant of France flag him. Have a care of a *Mercurius Britannicus Vapulans*: the *Punchanello* was soundly *whip'd* for his Jest. A Statesman! a Plagiary rather, that struts in borrowed Plumes, and makes a great Figure and Shew of the *Frippery* and *Brocade* of *Gazettes* and *Foreign Prints*: Mercury was always Thieving and *Filching*. Let him be put in the *Gazette* for the amusing *Intelligencer*, and the deluded Country's Bubble: the *Hawkers* and *Coffee-House Wholesail Merchant* for *Politicks*: and that may make him talk so much of my *Nonsense* in the *Lump*, for he can no more speak it, I suppose, than some sell, by *Retail*. This general *Nonsense* must be much of the same Line and Lineament with *accumulative Treason*: *Twins* of the same *Nonsensical* Brain perhaps. *Accumulative Treason* is a huddle of *Nonsense*; *Nonsense* is *Nonsense*, as a Block's a Block all the World over: and so both have the same complex face and feature, wrought up like a Mass of *Paste* or *Puff* before it has received its *Christmas-form*, or dough-bak'd a *Pye* with half an *Observer* under it. *Accumulative Treason*, I hope, is to be no *Precedent* for taking a man's life away: He may remember, THAT for THIS was no *Nonsense*, for it had a capital meaning in it; and a notable Construction could behead a *Peer* for a *Monosyllable*. *Nonsense* indeed, it may be, is as inconsistent with an *Author's* credit, as a *Nobleman's* Head was thought with his *Shoulders*, without any fairer Law or farther Examination. Yea, but he particularizes: In my second Page I look upon *Calvinism* as an *Heresie* as damnable as *Socinianism*, *Arrianism*, and *Anabaptism*, and so our *Reforming* has it pag. 65. and this is peccant *Nonsense* with a vengeance. Can the *Reader* believe the busy *Observer* ever read this Pamphlet by his misquotation of the second page for the eleventh? But a false Report, a false step in the *Threshold*, is an easie Mistake in a *Hearsay* and *Say-so Writer*; and I esteem him little else than a *Hackney* or *Huckster* of other Mens Notions: Political Inventions are cheap indeed that are cry'd off at *Two Bunches a penny Ho*. I appeal to any Man of *Letters*, or so much *Logick* as he has been born with; Whether

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there be *Nonsense*, or even *Absurdity*, in these *Words*: If an *Enemy* is suffered to come in upon us, he may easily wrestle us into his mercy, and the melancholly *Stander-by* may see us thrown at their will and pleasure into *Socinianism*, *Arrianism*, *Anabaptism*, *Calvinism*, *Commonwealthism*, or any other *Heretical-ism*, to the utter abolition of our *Communion*, or downfall, ruin, and rubbish of the *Fundamentals* as well as *Ceremonies* of our *Religion* and *Devotion*. Reformer Rack'd, pag. 11. Now let *Them* both open their *Eyes*, and see their own blind *Misconstruction*: Any other *Heretical-ism*, has no manner of relation to any of the foregoing *Terms*, much less particularly to *CALVINISM*: the Expression is aptly and clearly distinguished from them, inasmuch as *other-isms* points at *Nestorianism*, *Pelagianism*, or such like other *Heretical isms*; if the *Reforming* pleases, *Arminianism*: and they do not know but I meant peculiarly the late *Masonism*. Moreover, if it had a connexed relation to any of the forementioned *HERESIES* or *Words*; how comes it to be *Nonsense*? For if in any just *Sense*, *CALVINISM* may be called *Heretical*, I hope it is not *Nonsense* to call it so: now that *Heresie* hath a large and a stricter *Sense* is plain; it may signifie an *Erroneous Sect*, according to the *Etymon* of *Election* or *Division*, from *αἰρεῖσθαι* or *αἶρεσις*, whether *Theme* they please: so the *Philosophers* also laudably used it to signifie a *Dogma* or an *Opinion*, good or ill: strictly taken, it signifies in the *Schools*, an *Opinion* contrary to sound and fundamental *Principles* of *Religion*. Hence the *Theologue's* *Axioms*, *Non quilibet Error facit Hæreticum: Non omnis Schismaticus est Hæreticus*. Wolleb. Th. Christ. pag. 137. *Schismaticus est qui salvo fidei fundamento à ritu aliquo Ecclesiæ petulanter & ambitionis studio discedit*: But he goes on; *aut enim erratur (meaning ab Hæretico) in fundamento; ut fit ab Arrianis & Marcionitis, quorum illi Deitatem, hi vero humanitatem Christi negant: aut circa fundamentum; qualiter Errant Pontificii docentes transubstantiationem, quâ naturæ humanæ Christi veritas tollitur: aut præter fundamentum, quales Errores à Paulo sæno, ligno, &c. assimilantur*, 1 Cor. 3. 12. And, in fine, that *CALVINISM* is *Heretical* in a larger *Acceptation*, and in the stricter *sense*

sense of Heresie, PRÆTER FUNDAMENTUM, I assert. Through the *Labyrinths of Logick* is not the easiest way to Heaven, nor overmuch Curiosity the readiest course to search out Truth by: Nevertheless, if they will have Recourse to their *Ante-Predicaments*, and consider that it is only, * *Analogum per se positum quod præsumitur stare pro famosiore analogato*; and but make out Their *Calumny of Nonsense* upon my Assertion, by proving, *à Consilio*, that there cannot be assigned any reason of an analogical Dependence or *Similitude* between CALVINISM and ARRIANISM, &c. *Cur convenient in nomine Hæreseos*, I will recant my Error as willingly as he that makes as common a *Trade of Begging Pardons* as of *Writing pieces of Scandal*. What Impertinence is it for *Them* to say, I look upon CALVINISM as an Heresie as damnable as Socinianism, Arrianism, and Anabaptism; when the Distinction and *Degrees* of their Wickedness is manifested in the *Gadence* of the Sentence: where I allot the Destruction of the Fundamentals of our Religion to Arrianism, Socinianism, or Anabaptism; and the Abolition or Abrogation of our Lawful Ceremonies, only to Calvinism or Commonwealthism? So the *Physician* may prescribe to his *Patient* against Pease-Pottage, Livers, Lights, Hasty-Pudding, Wine, Cherries; they are bad for *him* in a Fever, and unwholesome Food in a sane-brisk Constitution: yet he would not have all these disliked with an equal *Disgust*. But to give *Mr. Observer* a more sensible Example of his Misunderstanding: if I mention ATWOOD, Bellwood, Wellwood, Elwood, or any other *ill Wood*; yet perhaps I should never find such a *special Stick* as he, nor mean to bring the *rest* into equal Disgrace of Prodigality and *Profuseness* of Pen, Tongue, or *Estate* with *Him*.

Their great Concern for *Unity* in Religion, they may imagine will justify them in branding me with *Nonsense* and *abusive Language*: This is pretty Sophistry with a witness; as *Quiblers*, when strain'd, and have little more to say, make use of a true Proposition to infer and *quirk* in an Erroneous Conclusion: Fallacies are difficultly detected, but easily refuted and solved after a Discovery.

Pettifoggers will still be citing Law as quick and voluble as *Mercury*, to authorize their Injustice, *Barretry*, and Vexations. The *Observer's* Religion, I surmise, is reformed according to the fundamental *Articles of Scold*, of Railery. How should we expect an *Harmonicon* in Discords; a Peace or Reconciliation with those Zealots who are so madded with Spirit, and I know not what of Bigotry of Persuasion, that they are fitter to pick *Straws* in *Bedlam*, than to Preach or Lecture an *Union* about the Nation? One is for *showing the heavy-ars'd Christian to Heaven*, or making *high-heel'd shoes for the Dwarf in Christ*. Another wildly harangues, that if we have not better Success with our Arms against *Turkish Lewis*, the ensuing Campaign, he will conclude that *God is turn'd Jacobite*: But he prayed that he would rather stand *Neuter*, and have no more to do in our *Camps* than the *Kings of Sweden and Denmark*. A third found *King William* out in the *Revelations*, but not till some time after the Prince of *Orange* landed at *Torbay*: while the poor *Revelationer* mistook the *Fleet-prison* for God's Cabinet. This is their *Triumvirate* of Frenzy; and the *Presbyterians* Gullery.

Beverley.
Burgess.

The *Reformling*, pag. 36. 69. repeats — *Were it better to wrap up our Gospel-Talents in an idle Napkin of Silence and Oblivion, than to preach and Evangelize the Jews out of the pale of the Christian Church?* Reform. Rack'd, p. 19. for a piece of uncharitable Monstrosity. Was the *Messias* crucified, the Lord of Eternal Life put to Death? And do not the *Jews* disbelieve the whole History? Must they not be told they are no Christians then? That they are of the wrong side of the Hedge or Pale? Yet if the *Unbelievers* will come over, we are willing to lend them a hand, and think it no *Trepass*. That they would come in and welcome, is the meaning of my *Evangelizing* them out. But he handles the *Napkin* as if he had got the *Glander* with a *Horse-pox* to him, and makes no better use of it, than the *Widow in Don Quervado*, throwing *Snot* about the Mourning-Room. He might as well have busied himself about computing how many *Busshels* of *Flegm* would go to manuring an *Acre of Land*, as in
sniveling

sniveling at me and misrepresenting an *idle Napkin of Oblivion and Silence*: might as well have said *they* had washed their hands cleaner than *Pilot* in a *Laver* of Repentance, and that the *Jews* and *Moorish Infidels*, whose Religion lies not in their *Skins* I confess, were now as *fair Christians* as any in *Europe*.

To call Mr. *Observer* a Bankrupt of Reason as well as Estate, would be but *Fleet-Language*; and he may keep his Tongue a prisoner to his Heart *there* too, his Pen to his Ink-Bottle, his politic Thoughts to his Head; for he's indebted more to the *News-monger* for acceptance and perusal of *Mercurius Britannicus*, than ever he will be able to repay with Wit or Policy. But if *Observator-ing* is his Livelihood, I shall give him free leave to have a fling at me when he pleases; no, to make me his *Jack-a-lent*, as many *Throws* as he will, if he can make a penny on't. And if I suffer a *Shrove-Tuesdays* persecution to get him a Mess of *Cock-broth*; will not he dye me with *Red* for a Martyr of my own Folly, in his Diary?

How Authoritatively he *Lords* it over the *High-Churchmen* with Bluster, Rancour, and Bile! He can find nothing but *Priest-Craft* among them, can hear nothing from the *Pulpit on the Day of King Charles's Martyrdom*, but *Invectives*, railing *Accusations*, and abusive Language, instead of *Christian Exhortations to Repentance, Union, and Charity*: and his appealing to all the *Sermons* that have been published on that Subject, is notorious; just such another *Appeal* to prove HIMSELF mendacious, as *SOME BODY* brought to prove Himself a *Cuckold*. He *romances* yet a little farther, and calls me a *Champion* of our Church: Christendom had but seven: I thank him for the honour of an *Eighth Champion*, and return him a *SAPIENTUM OCTAVUS* for that.

How Magisterial he is with his pennyworth of *Licensed* Page 19. *Scribble*, and the *Reforming Pedant* with his Lash of Punishment, in dealing with me not by Argument but *Remonstrance*, not by their vaunted Moderation, but Menace of having me made an Example, and our Church purged of me too? And had they the power of Executing the arbitrary By-Laws of their *Sic volo's*, Cross and Pile

Pile whether they would make any *Bones* of Difference, whether I, or the Cause I satyrically wrote for and still espouse with the same unblunted edge, should drop and perish. But the *Observer's Mercury* has not cured my *itch* of Writing: it tickles the more; and I shall never solicit them to a Cessation of the innocent Arms of Pen, Ink, and Paper, let Them rally again as soon as they can *accoutre*. They cannot disturb my Reputation and Sedateness, so long as they cannot plunder or *sequestre me* of this Humour — *Alte non temo & humili non Sdegno*. The Cynick vied Conquests with the Great: I neither fear the High, nor disdain the Low. For I esteem it no Disgrace to be censured by those whom I would account it no Credit or Applause to be favoured by: Should an *Observer* commend my *Travels*, I should call my self in question, and task my Thoughts with a stricter Scrutiny, whether I had not sat all my Life in the *Chimney-Corner*, and never got farther out of the *Smoak*, than the *home-bred Girl* that was got on to the top of a high Mountain, and cry'd, Whoo Father, *Here's another World*. A Man should never *publish* any thing, but only read his own *Composures* to his own Ears and make *Wall-Lectures* of them, if he were afraid of *awaking Envy*. When the time of *Paper-Kiteing* comes about, and highflown *Observers* make up most of the giddy Airy thing; I shall not *truckle* under any other *Wing* but Truth's, let him take me up like a *Chicken* or *Gizzard*, prey upon me *Hagard-like*, and *whistle* the Intolence of his false Triumph to the Publick. Nevertheless, one Courtesie I must beg of my Adversaries, when the *Glumfy Mercury* and the *Reformling* decypher my Intentions; not to tell a *Tale of a Tub*, not to make me intend what they please, not to adapt such foreign Idea's to my Words and Phrase, not to put such a vast difference between my *Text* and their *Commentaries*, and lastly, not stupidly or maliciously to wrest my Sense, and put me to the trouble of being my own *Interpreter* again; for I have only given Them a fair MARFORIO for their PASQUIN.

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